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Every character here is made by the wonderful Erin Hunter except for Waterfall and maybe a few other characters whom I may add later in the story.

Now I'm going to describe the main characters here, alongside their pictures

Rusty/Firepaw/Firestar/heart: Former kittypet who joined ThunderClan, became a Warrior
(Fireheart) then leader (Firestar) and is now sister of Princess AND Waterfall.
Handsome tom with flame-coloured fur and emerald green eyes

River/Waterpaw/Waterfall: other sister of Rusty/Fireheart/ star, who joined ThunderClan as a kittypet and became a loyal, level-headed,sensible,quiet Warrior, with blue-gray fur, similar to Bluestar's, and emerald green eyes

Whitestorm: Wise, handsome tom, Bluestar's nephew with white fur and amber eyes

Tigerclaw/star: Power-seeking, ambitious dark tabby tom with amber eyes

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Enjoy!!!!

Prologue

[image]

A half-moon glowed on smooth, granite boulders, turning them silver. The silence was broken only by the ripple of water from the swift, black river and the whisper of trees in the forest beyond.

There was a stirring in the shadows, and from all around lithe, dark shapes crept stealthily over the rocks. Unsheathed claws glinted in the moonlight. Wary eyes flashed like amber. And then, as if on a silent signal, the creatures leaped at each other, and suddenly the rocks were alive with wrestling, screeching cats.

At the centre of the frenzy of fur and claws, a massive dark tabby pinned a bracken-colored tom to the ground and drew up his head triumphantly. "Oakheart!" The tabby growled. "How dare you hunt in our territory? The Sunningrocks belong to ThunderClan!

"After tonight, Tigerclaw, this will be just another RiverClan hunting ground!" the bracken-colored tom spat back.

A warning yowl came from the shore, shrill and anxious. "Look out! More RiverClan warriors are coming!" Tigerclaw turned to see sleek, wet bodies sliding out of the water below the rocks. The drenched RiverClan warriors bounded silently up the shore and hurled themselves into battle without even stopping to shake the water from their fur.

The dark tabby glared down at Oakheart. "You may swim like otters, but you and your warriors do not belong in this forest!" He drew back his lips and showed his teeth as the cat struggled beneath him.

The desperate scream of a ThunderClan she-cat rose above the clamour. A wiry RiverClan tom had pinned the brown Warrior flat on her belly. Now he lunged towards her neck with jaws still dripping from his swim across the river.

Tigerclaw heard the cry and let go of Oakheart. With a mighty leap, he knocked the enemy warrior away from the she-cat. "Quick, Mousefur, run!" He ordered, before turning on the RiverClan tom who had threatened her. Mousefur scrambled to her paws, wincing from a deep gash on her shoulder, and raced away.

Behind her, Tigerclaw spat with rage as the RiverClan tom sliced open his nose. Blood blinded him for an instant, but he lunged forward regardless and sank his teeth into the hind leg of his enemy. The RiverClan cat squealed and struggled free.
"Tigerclaw!" The yowl came from a warrior with a tail as red as fox fur. "This is useless! There are too many RiverClan warriors!"
"No Redtail. ThunderClan will never be beaten!" Tigerclaw yowled back, leaping to Redtail's side. "This is our territory!" Blood was welling around his broad black muzzle, and he shook his head impatiently, scattering scarlet drops on to the rocks.
"ThunderClan will honor your courage, Tigerclaw, but we can not afford to lose any more of our warriors," Redtail urged. "Bluestar would never expect her warriors to fight against these impossible odds. We will have another chance to avenge this defeat." He met Tigerclaw's amber-eyed gaze steadily, then reared away and sprang on to a boulder at the edge of the trees.
"Retreat, ThunderClan! Retreat!" He yowled. At once his warriors squirmed and struggled away from their opponents. Spitting and snarling, they backed towards Redtail. For a heartbeat, the RiverClan cats looked confused. Was this battle so easily won? Then Oakheart yowled a jubilant cry. As soon as they heard him, the RiverClan warriors raised their voices and joined their deputy in caterwauling their victory.
Redtail looked down at his warriors. With a flick of his tail, he gave the signal and the ThunderClan cats dived down the far side of the Sunningrocks, then disappeared into the trees.
Tigerclaw followed last. He hesitated at the edge of the forest and glanced back at the bloodstained battlefield. His face was grim, his eyes furious slits. Then he leaped after his Clan into the silent forest.

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In a deserted clearing, an old, grey she-cat sat alone, staring up at the clear night sky. All around her in the shadows she could hear the breathing and stirring of sleeping cats.
A small tortoiseshell she-cat emerged from a dark corner, her paw steps quick and soundless.
The grey cat dipped her head in greeting. "How is Mousefur?" She meowed.
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"Her wounds are deep, Bluestar," answered the tortoiseshell, settling herself on the night-cool ggrass. "But she is young and strong; she will heal quickly."
"And the others?"
"They will all recover, too."
"We are lucky not to have lost any of our warriors this time. You are a gifted medicine cat, Spottedleaf." She tilted her head again and studied the stars. "I am deeply troubled by tonight's defeat. ThunderClan has not been beaten in its own territory since I became leader." She murmured. "These are difficult times for our Clan. The season of newleaf is late, and there have been fewer kits. ThunderClan needs more warriors if it is to survive."
"But the year is only just beginning," Spottedleaf pointed out calmly. "There will be more kits when greenleaf comes." The grey cat twitched her broad shoulders. "Perhaps. But training our young to become warriors takes time. If ThunderClan is to defend its territory, it must have new warriors as soon as possible."
"Are you asking StarClan for answers?" meowed Spottedleaf gently, following Bluestar's gaze and staring up at the swath of stars glittering in the dark sky.
"It is at times like this we need the words of ancient warriors to help us. Has StarClan spoken to you?" Bluestar asked.
"Not for some moons, Bluestar.
Suddenly a shooting star blazed over the treetops. Spottedleaf's tail twitched and the fur along her spine bristled.
Bluestar's ears pricked but she remained silent as Spottedleaf continued to gaze upwards.
After a few moments, Spottedleaf lowered her head and turned to Bluestar. "It was a message from StarClan," she murmured. "Fire alone can save our Clan."
"Fire?" Bluestar echoed. "But fire is feared by all the Clans! How can it save us!?"
Spottedleaf shook her head. "I do not know," she admitted. "But this is the message StarClan has chosen to share with me."
The ThunderClan leader fixed her clear blue eyes on the medicine cat. "You have never been wrong before, Spottedleaf," She meowed. "If StarClan has spoken, then it must be so. Fire will save our Clan."